Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Ro. Thou canſt not ſpeak of that thou doſt not feele,
Wert thou as young as I, *Iuliet* thy loue,
An houre but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mighteſt thou ſpeake,
Then mightſt thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.
Enter Nurſe, and knocke.
Fri. Ariſe one knocks, good *Romeo* hide thy ſelfe.
Ro. Not I, vnleſſe the breath of hartſicke grones,
Myſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.
They knocke.
Fri. Hark how they knock (whoſe there) *Romeo* ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken, ſtay a while, ſtand vp.
Slud knocke.
Run to my ſtudie by and by, Gods will
What ſimpleneſis this? I come, I come.
Knocke.
Who knocks ſo hard? whēce come you? whats your will?
Enter Nurſe.
Nur. Let me come in, and you ſhal know my errant:
I come from Lady *Iuliet.*
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Wheres my Ladyes Lord? wheres *Romeo?*
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my miſtreſſe caſe,
Iuſt in her caſe. O wofull ſimpathy:
Pitious predicament, euen ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp, ſtand vp, ſtand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O?
Rom. Nurſe.
Nur. Ah

Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir, deaths the end of all.
Ro. Spakeſt thou of *Iuliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I haue ſtaind the childhood of our ioy,
With bloud remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſayes
My conceald Lady to our canceld loue?
Nur. Oh ſhe ſayes nothing ſir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name ſhot from the deadly leuell of a g
Did murther her, as that names curſed hand
Murderd her kinſman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me that I may facke
The hateſull manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womaniſh, thy wild acts deuote
The vnreaſonable furie of a beaſt.
Vnſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,
And ilbeſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temperd.
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt?* wilt thou ſley thy ſelfe?
And ſley thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy ſelfe?
Why raylſt thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen, and earth all three do meet,
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldſt looſe.
Fie, fie, thou ſhameſt thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vſurer aboundſt in all:
And vſeſt none in that true vſe indeed,
Which ſhou'd bedecke thy ſhape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy Noble ſhape is but a forme of waxe,